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COMICS

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COMICS

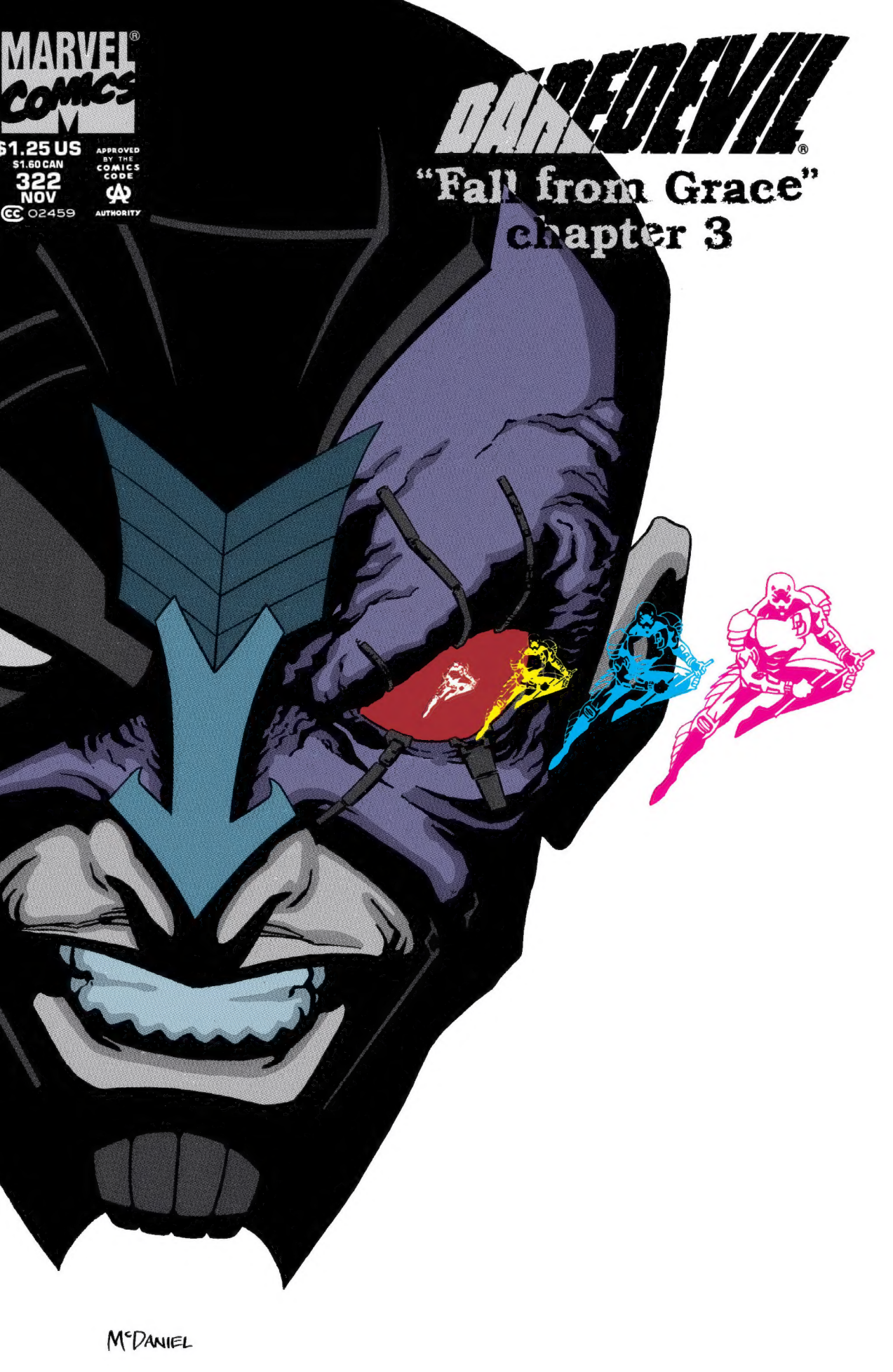
CODE



AUTHORITY

DAREDEVIL

"Fall from Grace"
chapter 3



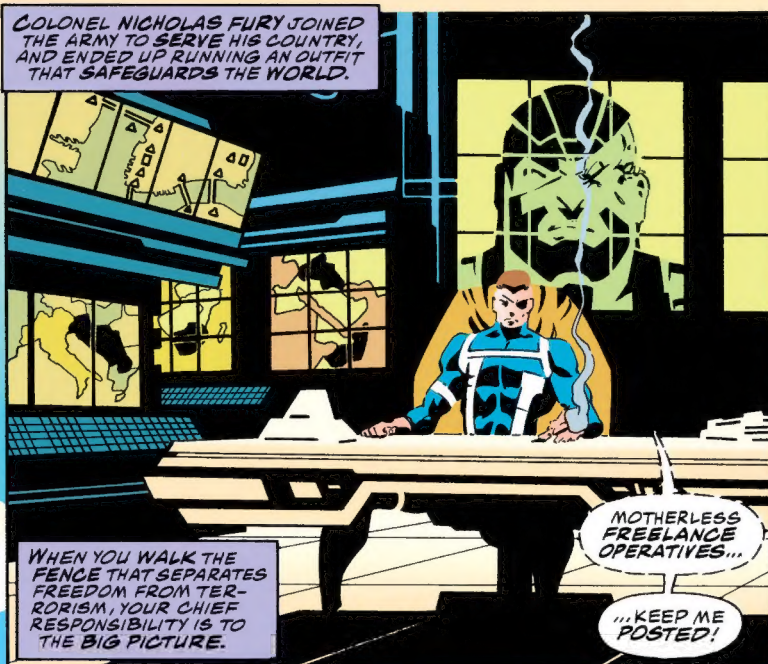
MCDANIEL

THE S.H.I.E.L.D. HELICARRIER.

EVERY AIR-TRAFFIC
CONTROLLER'S
NIGHTMARE.



COLONEL NICHOLAS FURY JOINED
THE ARMY TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY,
AND ENDED UP RUNNING AN OUTFIT
THAT SAFEGUARDS THE WORLD.



WHEN YOU WALK THE
FENCE THAT SEPARATES
FREEDOM FROM TER-
RORISM, YOUR CHIEF
RESPONSIBILITY IS TO
THE BIG PICTURE.

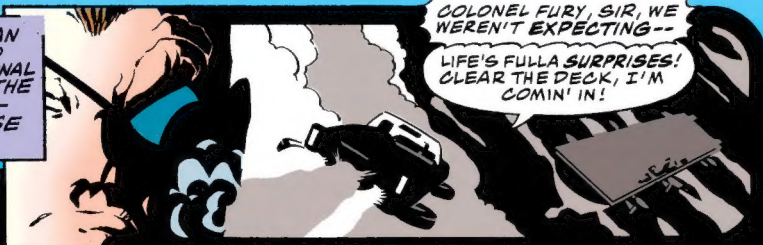
MOTHERLESS
FREELANCE
OPERATIVES...

...KEEP ME
POSTED!

IT HAS TO BE TO
THE BIG PICTURE.
BECAUSE ANY
ORGANIZATION, NO
MATTER HOW HUGE,
CAN'T AFFORD TO
TRACK 5 BILLION-
PLUS PEOPLE AS
INDIVIDUALS...



...JUST AS ONE MAN
CAN'T AFFORD TO
FORGET THE PERSONAL
TRAGEDIES OF THE
PAST SO UNCOM-
FORTABLY CLOSE
TO HOME.



COLONEL FURY, SIR, WE
WEREN'T EXPECTING--

LIFE'S FULLA SURPRISES!
CLEAR THE DECK, I'M
COMIN' IN!

KENKOY, YOU
LEATHERNECK
SONUVA--!

KRAAM

--YOU'RE
ENDANGERING
THIS PATIENT'S
LIFE!

ARE YOU
INSANE, FURY?!
YOU HAVEN'T
SCRUBBED--

BELLWETHER, T

REALLY,
HARRY? I'D
SAY SHE'S PAST
WORRYING...

YOU WANNA
EXPLAIN WHERE YOU
GET OFF PLAYIN'
WITH LIVES?! MY
PEOPLE AIN'T FUEL
FERRYER SICK "VIRUS"
EXPERIMENTS!

WHO GAVE
YOU THE RIGHT
TO PLAY GOD?!

"ABOUT FACE"
GOT ITS APPROVAL
FROM THE U.S.
DEPARTMENT OF
DEFENSE--I ANSWER
TO UNCLE SAM, NOT
THE HOLY FATHER!

TWAAP

AS FOR
YOU, FURY, IT'S
MY UNDERSTAND-
ING "GENERAL"
STILL OUTRANKS
"COLONEL!"

OH, MY--
DID I
FORGET TO
SALUTE?

ORDERS,
COLONEL?

HANG 'IM OFF
THE FLIGHT DECK
UNTIL HE LEARNS TO
SAY 'IS PRAYERS!

MAYBE I
JUST TOOK OVER
THIS SKY-HIGH
SKUNK WORKS,
KENKOY, BUT I'M
WILLIN' TO PUT
IT ALL ON THE
LINE--

--JUST
TO SEE YOU
AN' YER TWISTED
PROJECT GO
DOWN!

YOU DIDN'T
DESERVE THIS,
LADY... I'M
SORRY.

I'M
SORRY...

NEW YORK, NEW YORK.
A HECK OF A TOWN.

A PACT WITH A MONSTER
NAMED KENKOY COST
EDDIE PASSIM THE WOMAN
HE LOVED, AND SET HIM ON
A YEARS-LONG RUN FROM
DAMNATION.

NOW, RECLAIMING
THE LOST PART OF
HIS SOUL MEANS
STRIKING ANOTHER
DEAL--

--WITH AN ALTOGETHER
DIFFERENT KIND
OF DEVIL.

Those who set in motion the forces of evil
cannot always control them afterwards.

Charles Waddell Chestnutt,
The Marrow of Tradition

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

FALL FROM
GRACE
PART 3-

CONFRONTATION

by D.G. CHICHESTER
& SCOTT MCDANIEL

INKERS
• COLLAZO
& RANKIN

LETTERER
• BILL
OAKLEY

COLORIST
• MAX
SCHEELE

EDITOR
• RALPH
MACCHIO

CHIEF
• TOM
DEFALCO

GENTLE HANDS TRACE
OVER SWELLED BRUISES,
COMFORTING AS THEY
GUIDE THE LIMP BODY DOWN.

WAIT
HERE.

STRONG FINGERS PROBE
THE GRIT-RUST AROUND
THE WINDOW LOCK,
SENSING THE GIVE AND
TAKE THAT WILL SPRING
IT OPEN.

YOU'RE...
YOU'RE
BLIND!

WHAT
GIVES YOU
THAT--?

DON'T
BOTHER--YOU'RE
NOT FOOLIN'
ME.

TELEPATH,
REMEMBER?

hmm. THAT'S
WHAT STARTED THIS
ALL, EDDIE-- YOU
GETTING INTO OTHER
HOMELESS FOLKS
HEADS AND MESSING
THEM UP.

AS FOR BEING
"EXTREMELY
NEARSIGHTED"...

...DON'T
WORRY
ABOUT
ME. I
MANAGE.

GIVE ME
A SECOND
TO--

ALL
THOSE
YEARS
SURVIVIN'
THE STREET,
DAREDEVIL...

...DON'T
WORRY
ABOUT ME.
I MANAGE,
TOO!

EDDIE!

ULLF!

A RECKLESS
CONCERN FOR
ANOTHER'S
SAFETY DOES
THE REST.

INTERNAL RADAR
ECHOES BACK
STROBING FORM.

I SHOULD
BEEN MORE OPEN-
MINDED LIKE THAT
BACK WHEN--

WHY GO
IT ALONE
WHEN THERE'S
A HELPING
HAND?

O-O-KAY.

I'LL
BUY INTO
THAT.

--BACK
WHEN KENKOY
CUT HER--

--AN' USED
BITS AN' PIECES
FOR THE SOUP
HE WAS COOKIN'
UP INTO HIS
VIRUS!

THAT'S HER...
THAT'S MY
THERESA.

I CAN...
"READ"...THE
LETTERING
IMPRES-
SIONS--

GoD
PASSIM, EDWARD
001-692-212-TEL
ESPER DIV. LVL
PENTAGON
3

--D.O.D...
DEPARTMENT
OF DEFENSE?
--

--BUT THE
PICTURE...
I CAN'T...

IT'S NOT SO MUCH HOW SHE LOOKED, IT'S HOW SHE MADE ME FEEL. THINK...THINK OF SOMEONE YOU LOVED...

...AN' SOMEONE WHO LOVED YOU! IF IT'S STRONG ENOUGH, IT'S THE SAME KINDA CHARGE! LIKE YOUR LADY FRIEND...



ELEKTRA.

WORM FOOD NOW, HUH?

TOUGH BREAK.

WE'RE NOT HERE TO DEAL WITH MY PAST, EDDIE. IT'S YOURS THAT'S GOT ME WORRIED.

THIS VIRUS... AND USING PIECES OF THERESA?

OH, YEAH, YOU BETCHA. TEENY-TINY ONES. BRAIN CELLS.

THERESA, SHE WAS LIKE ME-- A TELEPATH. WORKIN' FOR SHIELD'S ESPER GROUP.

TAC. SYS. ENGAGE

TNT-- THAT'S WHAT WE CALLED KENKOY, 'CAUSE YOU CROSS 'IM, HE'D EXPLODE-- HE GENE-SPLICED HER PARTS INTO HIS VIRUS. SNIP-SNIP.

FOR GOD'S SAKE... WHY?

SRCHFILE. ON

SORTFILE. ON

IDFILE. ON

00141
00412

HOLD. TRAC. ENABLE

THE CRAZINESS YOU WERE "PROJECTING"
--"A WAY TO CHANGE"--

SO THE VIRUS WOULD "LISTEN"! YOU TOLD IT-- YOU THOUGHT IT-- WHAT TO DO! AND IT'D GO TO WORK ON YOUR INSIDES TO MAKE IT SO...

NOT SO CRAZY NOW, HUH? CHANGE THINGS ANY WAY YOU'D LIKE, DAREDEVIL! MAKE THE CRIPPLED WALK, THE BLIND SEE...

OR THE LIVING... DEAD.

THAT, TOO. TNT WAS A MILITARY MAN.

THE CYBORG DOESN'T EVEN KNOW HOW HIS MONITORING SYSTEM WORKS.

THAT'S NOT NECESSARY TO SEIZE ON THE POTENTIAL OF WHAT HIS TARGETS ARE TALKING ABOUT.

HIS NAME IS SIEGE, AND
MAYBE THERE'S A PART OF
A SOLDIER NAMED JOHN
KELLY DEEP INSIDE.

OR MAYBE IT'S JUST A
COMPUTER PROGRAM
WITH DELUSIONS OF
HUMANITY.

MENTALLY CONTROLLED
GERM WARFARE.
NOT BAD.

TAC.SYS.PAUSE...

NICK FURY HIRED HIM TO RECOVER
A PILE OF CYBORG-WRECKAGE NAMED
JOHN GARRETT, STOLEN BY THE HAND--

--NINJA TERRORISTS
ALSO RESPONSIBLE
FOR LIFTING A PENTA-
GON FILE ON A DECADES-
OLD PROJECT CALLED
"ABOUT FACE."

MISSION_FILE_HN

KELLY--

--IF IT IS HIM--

--THINKS BACK TO A
TIME WHEN LIFE WAS
MORE THAN GRAPHIC
DISPLAYS AND SIMU-
LATED IMPRESSIONS.

C'MERE, NOW,
COME HERE...

MAYBE THIS VIRUS COULD CHANGE
HIM, HE THINKS. MAYBE GIVE HIM
BACK WHAT IT'S LIKE TO REALLY
TOUCH THE WORLD AROUND.

TAC.SYS.ENGAGE

...GOTCHA!

WEAPON_SYS-STARTUP

AND LET SIEGE ONCE
AGAIN FEEL THE
THRILL OF BATTLE.

WITH THE INNER CIRCLE
OF THE HAND--THE
SNAKEROOT.

IN A PLACE THAT
STINKS OF
OBSCENITY.

CAREFULLY
--I SAID
CAREFULLY!

STOP RIDING ME,
GENKOTSU!

I ONLY
CAUTION, BUDO!
CARE MUST BE
TAKEN.

GARRETT'S
FEVERED MIND
HOLDS THE ESSENCE
OF THE ELEKTRA HE
KNEW--

THIS IS
HARD ENOUGH
WITHOUT YOU
LECTURING,
TORTURER!

--THE
ASSASSIN WE
SEEK TO PRO-
VIDE LIFE FOR
OUR NEWEST
MEMBER!

THE BEAST WE
SERVE DEMANDS A
SHOW OF OUR STRENGTH,
AND THE WARRIORS WE
CREATE HERE TONIGHT--

--ONE OF COLD
METAL, ONE OF COLD
FLESH-- MUST PROVIDE
THAT DISPLAY! THERE
IS NO ROOM FOR
ERROR, GENKOTSU!

YOU'RE SO SMUG,
TORTURER-- IT'S
BARELY BEGUN!

WITHOUT "ABOUT
FACE," WE CAN'T PER-
MANENTLY FUSE THIS
PIECE OF ELEKTRA'S
PSYCHE TO THE
CORPSE!

SO MUCH A
STUDENT OF THE MIL-
ITARY WAY, BUDO...
YET LACK OF DISCI-
PLINE BLINDS YOU TO
ALL BUT THE MOST
OBVIOUS STRATEGY.

LISTEN--AND
LEARN!

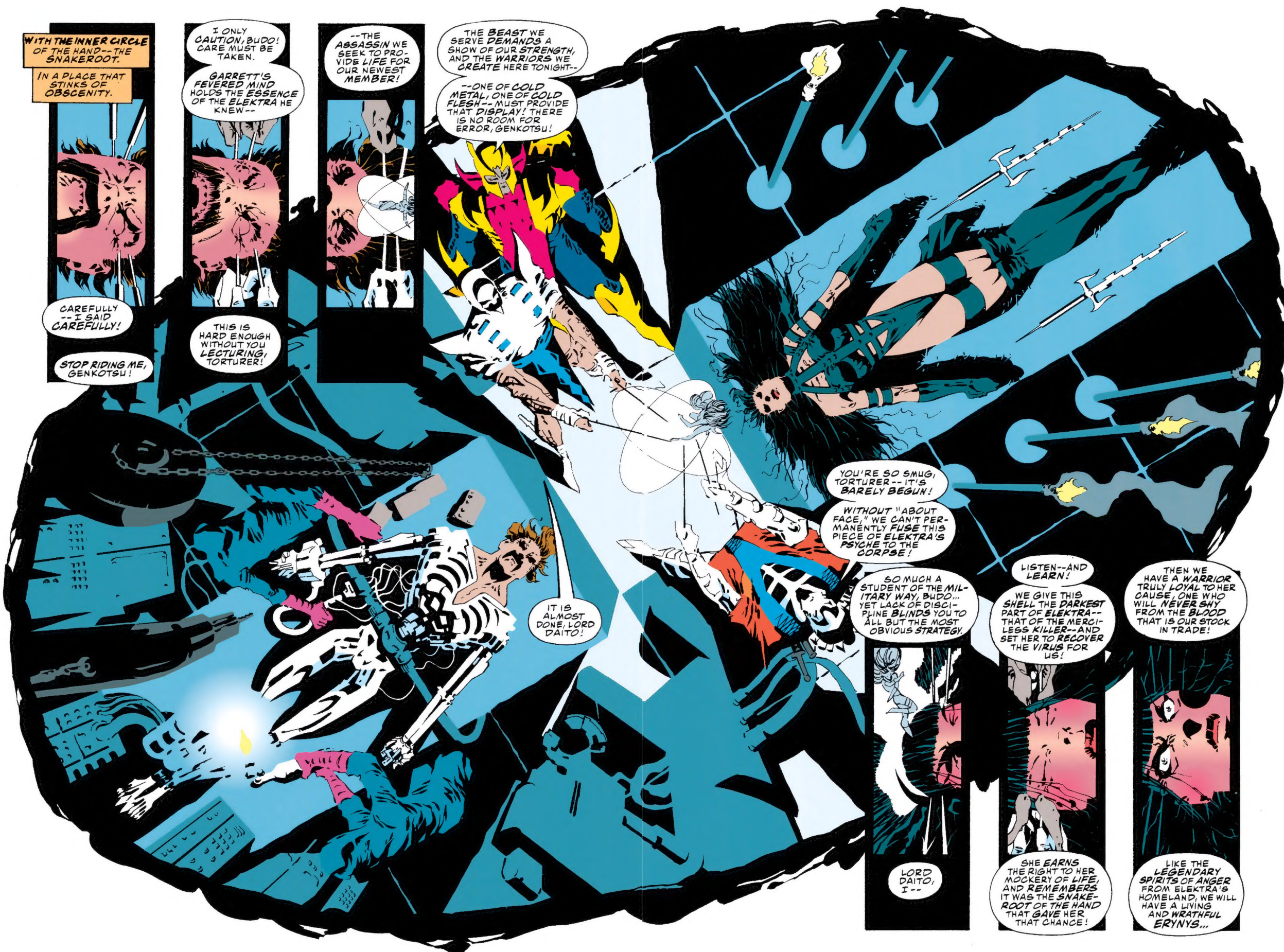
WE GIVE THIS
SHELL THE DARKEST
PART OF ELEKTRA--
THAT OF THE MERCI-
LESS KILLER--AND
SET HER TO RECOVER
THE VIRUS FOR
US!

THEN WE
HAVE A WARRIOR
TRULY LOYAL TO HER
CAUSE, ONE WHO
WILL NEVER SHY
FROM THE BLOOD
THAT IS OUR STOCK
IN TRADE!

LORD
DAITO,
I--

SHE EARNs
THE RIGHT TO HER
MOCKERY OF LIFE,
AND REMEMBERS
IT WAS THE SNAKE-
ROOT OF THE HAND
THAT GAVE HER
THAT CHANCE!

LIKE THE
LEGENDARY
SPIRITS OF ANGER
FROM ELEKTRA'S
HOMELAND, WE WILL
HAVE A LIVING
AND WRATHFUL
ERYNYS...



BEN URICH'S PLACE.

THE APARTMENT OF A GREAT METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER REPORTER.

DORIS... DORIS, DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

JUST YOUR SNORIN'... G'BACK T' SLEEP...

KREESH!

IT SOUNDED LIKE FROM THE OFFICE...

SONUVA--! DORIS! DORIS, CALL 911!



UFFF!



OMIGOD-- BEN! WHAT HAPPENED-- WHY DIDN'T YOU WAKE ME?!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?!

I'M FINE, HON...

... AND I REALLY SHOWED THAT FILE CABINET A THING OR TWO!



"NO, I HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO FIGURE WHAT'S MISSING."

"...PROBABLY SOME JUNKIE WHO BUSTED INTO MY PLACE LOOKING FOR ANYTHING TO PAY FOR THE NEXT FIX! I'M MORE CONCERNED WITH CATCHING UP HERE!"

LOCKED OUT OF HERE THOSE COUPLA DAYS WHILE JAMESON DID HIS MACHO-MONEY DANCE WITH THAT CORPORATE RAIDER STRANG...

"...I WAS SO STIR-CRAZY FOR COPY, I EVEN HAD MY INTERN TRYING TO HACK INTO MY COMPUTER FILES!"

UH-HUH, COLLEGE KID FROM ANTIOCH. SARA HARRINGTON.

SORRY... SORRY I'M LATE, MR. URICH! I HAD A DOCTOR'S--
--I MEAN--

ALL RIGHT, I'LL CALL LATER!

NO EXCUSES, HARRINGTON! REPORTER-WANNABE LIKE YOU KNOWS THE "BIG STORY" DOESN'T WAIT ON A NOTE FROM MOM AND DAD!

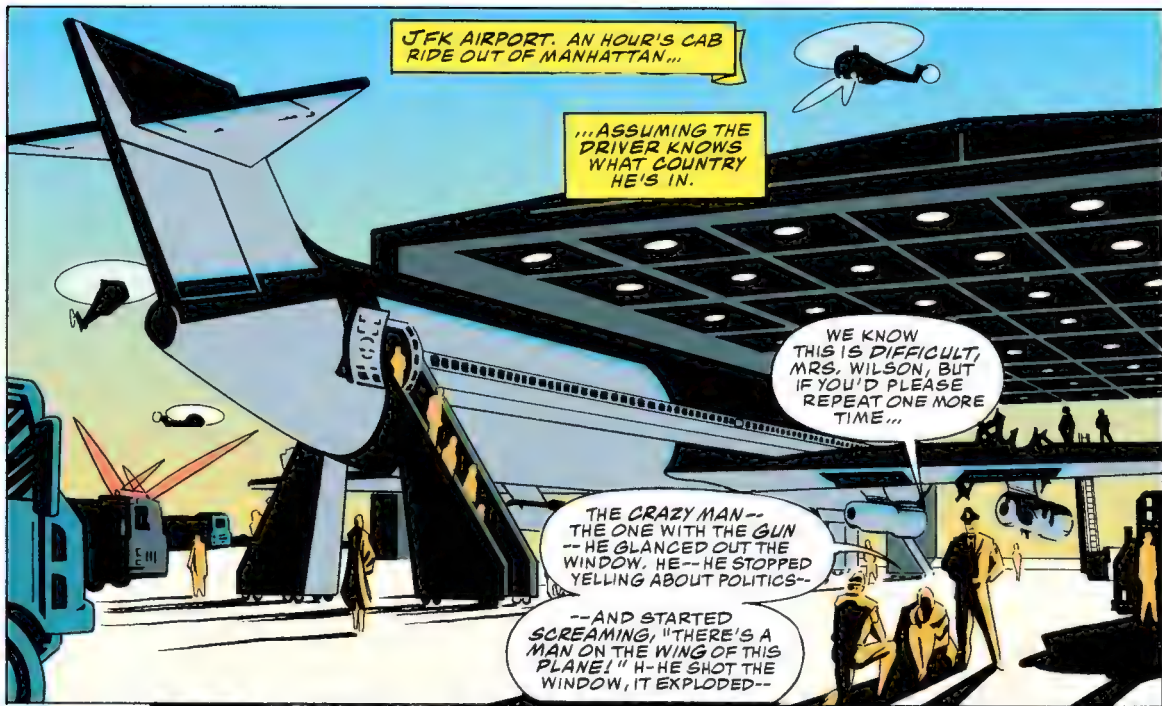
GET DOWN TO THE DARKROOM. PICK ME UP PARKER'S SHOTS OF--

--WHAT'D YOU DO TO YOUR HAND?

NOTHING! IT'S--

IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE NOTHING. IT LOOKS LIKE--

NOTHING, I SAID. I-I'LL GET THOSE PHOTOS...



JFK AIRPORT. AN HOUR'S CAB
RIDE OUT OF MANHATTAN...

...ASSUMING THE
DRIVER KNOWS
WHAT COUNTRY
HE'S IN.

WE KNOW
THIS IS DIFFICULT,
MRS. WILSON, BUT
IF YOU'D PLEASE
REPEAT ONE MORE
TIME...

THE CRAZY MAN--
THE ONE WITH THE GUN
--HE GLANCED OUT THE
WINDOW. HE-- HE STOPPED
YELLING ABOUT POLITICS--

--AND STARTED
SCREAMING, "THERE'S A
MAN ON THE WING OF THIS
PLANE!" H-- HE SHOT THE
WINDOW, IT EXPLODED--

--AND THIS BLACK...
OOZE-- LIKE THAT MOVIE,
"THE BLOB"?-- IT TOOK
HIS GUN AND COVERED THE
WINDOW FROM THE
OUTSIDE!

AND THEN IT
ASKED IF WE
KNEW ANY SING-
ALONGS...

SING-ALONGS...
UH-HUH. BEFORE
YOU SPEAK TO THE
PRESS, MRS.
WILSON...

...THERE'S
A NICE MAN AT
THE STATION WHO'D
PROBABLY LIKE A
WORD WITH YOU... A
DR. MATHESON...



ASK ME, PALLY, AN'
I'LL TELL YA, 'CAUSE
JOEY B. SEEN IT ALL!
LACK'A OXYGEN,
HALLUCINATIONS--

--AND THE
COMPANY'LL
COVER IT ALL UP
WITH PASSENGER
PAYOFFS
AND TRAVEL
VOUCHERS!

'COURSE, SOMETHIN'
KEPT THAT CABIN FROM
TOTALLY DEPRESSURIZIN'
WHEN WHACKO TOOK
OUT THE WINDOW...

...GUESS THOSE
FOLKS'VE GOT A
PROTECTOR OF
ONE SORT OR
ANOTHER, hm?

mm-
hmm.

A
LETHAL
ONE...

ITS NAME IS VENOM:
PART SOCIAL OUTCAST
EDDIE BROCK, PART
ALIEN SYMBIOTE, ALL
MALICE.

SOME PEOPLE
GET SICK OF NEW
YORK. VENOM'S
COME HOME TO
GET SICK.

WITH A VIRUS
THAT WILL
MAKE THIS
DEADLY
VIGILANTE ALL-
POWERFUL...

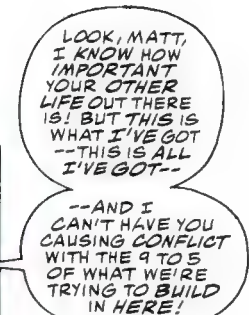


WORLDWIDE PLAZA.

THE OFFICES OF FRANKLIN
"FOGGY" NELSON AND
MATTHEW MICHAEL MURDOCK,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

I'M SORRY, SIR--
COLONEL FURY IS
GENERALLY NOT
AVAILABLE TO TAKE
CALLS FROM THE
PUBLIC!



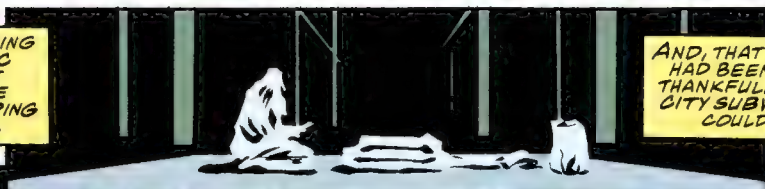


EDDIE TOLD
PAREDEVIL
ALMOST
EVERYTHING
HE COULD
REMEMBER--



-- ABOUT KENKOY
WANTING A LARGE-
SCALE TEST OF
THE VIRUS MANY
YEARS AGO--

-- WITH EDDIE BEING
THE TELEPATHIC
"TRIGGER" THAT
WOULD DICTATE
CHANGES WARPING
THOUSANDS.



AND, THAT THE PROTOTYPE
HAD BEEN HORRIBLY--
THANKFULLY-- LOST IN THE
CITY SUBWAYS BEFORE IT
COULD BE USED.

EDDIE TOLD ALMOST
EVERYTHING... BUT SOME
THINGS HE KEPT FOR
HIMSELF.

ENDLESS HOURS--INTO-
WEEKS AT THE ESPER
STATION. LONG ROWS OF
TELEPATHS HOOKED INTO
THRUMMING EQUIPMENT--



TOUCHING SO MANY
MINDS, BUT NEVER
TOUCHED BACK.
FROM THAT LONELI-
NESS, TWO REACH
OUT WITH THEIR
OWN SECRET--

-- FEARFUL TECHNOLOGY-
BOOSTING MENTAL POWER TO
REACH OUT AND BRING THE
WORLD'S SECRETS BACK TO
SHIELD.



-- NOT ACROSS THE
WORLD, BUT JUST
ACROSS THE WAY.

EDDIE PASSIM AND
THERESA BELLWETHER
SHARE A LIFETIME OF
MEMORIES IN THEIR
THOUGHTS...



... DREAMING
OF A FUTURE
TOGETHER...



... UNTIL THE
NIGHTMARE
TAKES HOLD.

HOW DO YOU WANT
IT, GENERAL
KENKOY?

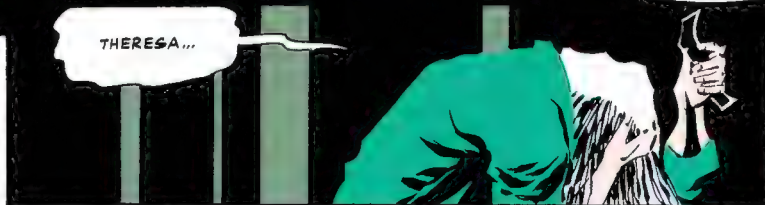


AND NEVER, NEVER
LETS GO.

CLEAN HER
UP, BUT KEEP
HER UNDER.

WE'LL START
CUTTING IN A
WEEK...

THERESA...





STOP
TORTURING
YOURSELF
WITH THE PAST,
EDWARD!

THERE'S
NO PLACE FOR
SUCH WEAKNESS
IN YOUR FUTURE
AMONG THE
SNAKEROOT!

ENTEKI,
BUDO... TREAT
EDWARD
WITH CARE AND
DIGNITY.

BUT DON'T
HESITATE TO BATTER
HIM INTO SUBMISSION
IF HE CHOOSES NOT
TO COME ALONG
GENTLY.

'BOUT TIME YOU NINJA
RODENTS CRAWLED OUTTA
THE WOODWORK!

FIGURED
YOU'D COME
HUNTIN' THIS
PASSIM CHUMP
FOR THE VIRUS--
NOW YOU TAKE
ME TO WHAT'S
LEFT'A
GARRETT!

N-NO...
NOT
ANOTHER
ONE!

THE SITUATION'S CLEAR,
EVEN TO A BLIND MAN.

I
AM TEKAGI,
CYBORG, AND
I WILL GLADLY
BRING YOU TO
JOHN--

--AS
SPARE
PARTS!

OR AT LEAST ONE WHOSE
RADAR SKETCHES A
RELATIVE INNOCENT ABOUT TO
GO DOWN IN A CROSSFIRE.

KRAASH!

LEAST I GOT
SPARE PARTS TO
FALL BACK ON,
SNAKEROOT--

--WHEN I'M
FINISHED HERE, WON'T
BE NOTHIN' THEY CAN DO
TO PUT YOU BACK
TOGETHER!

PAST THE THUNDERING ROAR
AND BITTER SMELL OF AIR
CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY--

--FOCUSING ON THE SMALL
AND RACING HEARTBEAT OF A
LONELY MAN SO MANY WANT--

--NOT FOR WHO HE IS, BUT
ONLY FOR WHAT HE KNOWS.

DAREDEVIL!

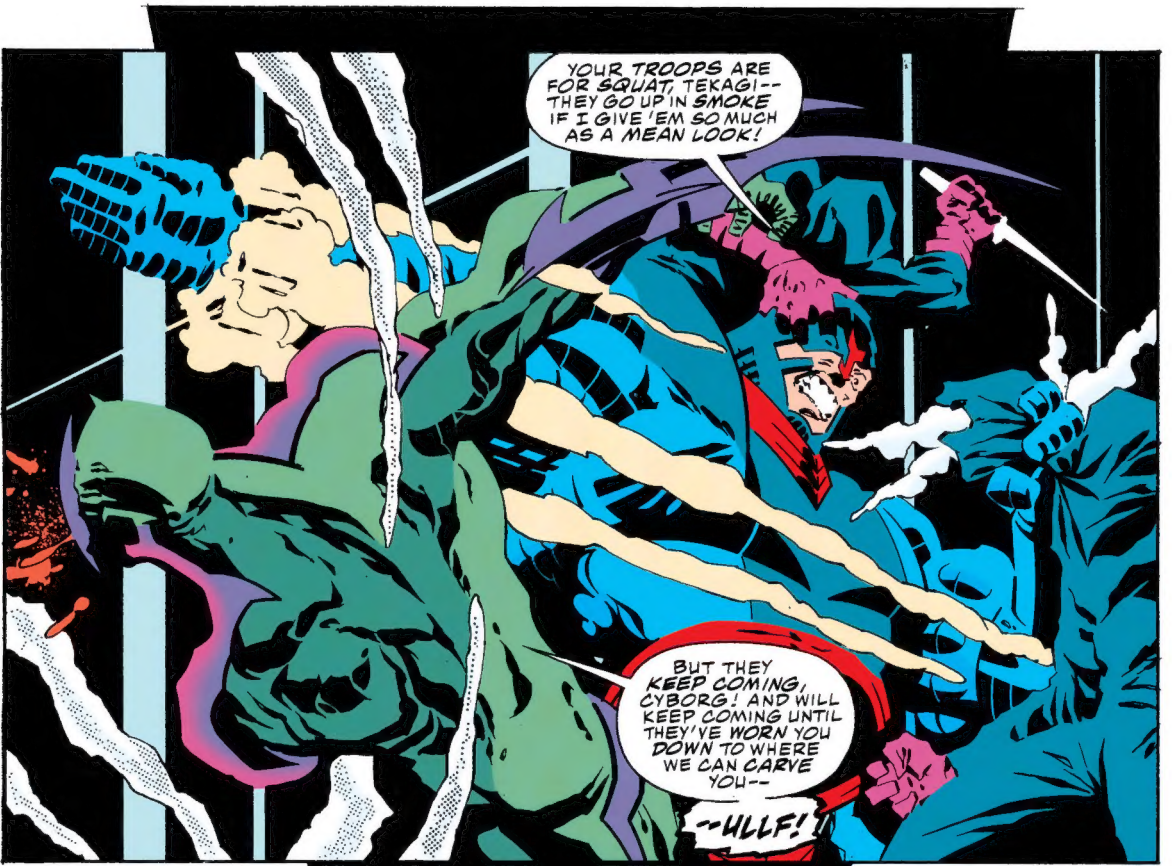
YOU'VE
INTERFERED
WITH THE HAND
FOR THE
LAST TIME,
"HERO"!

ARROWHEADS PUSH
FORWARD RIDGES
OF AIR, HYPERSENSES
TRACKING.

SWAAK!

WASTE
OF TIME.





YOUR TROOPS ARE FOR SQUAT, TEKAGI-- THEY GO UP IN SMOKE IF I GIVE 'EM SO MUCH AS A MEAN LOOK!

BUT THEY KEEP COMING, CYBORG! AND WILL KEEP COMING UNTIL THEY'VE WORN YOU DOWN TO WHERE WE CAN CARVE YOU--

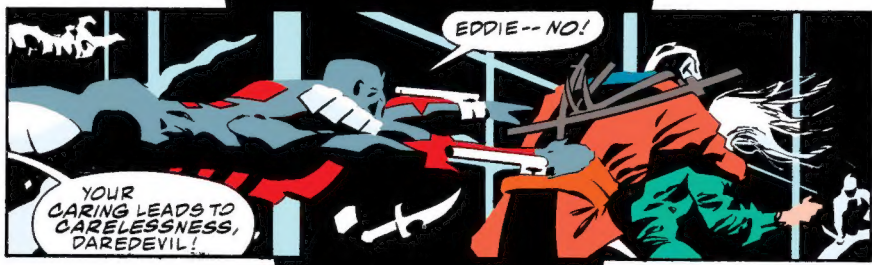
--ULLF!



IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME, EDDIE... GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

G-GENERAL?! KENKOY?!

OH DEAR LORD PLEASE--



EDDIE-- NO!

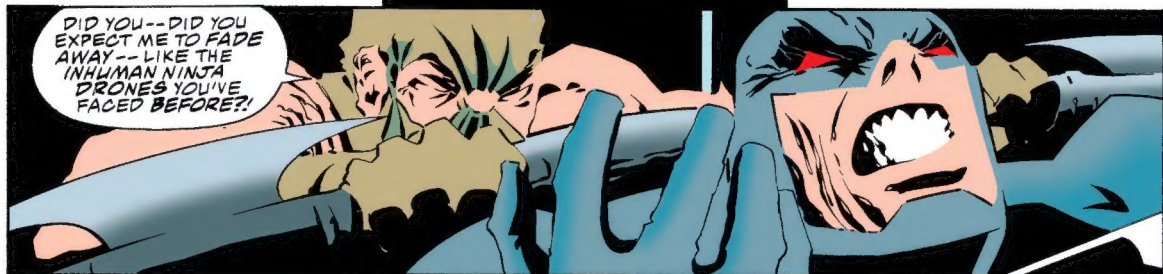
YOUR CARING LEADS TO CARELESSNESS, DAREDEVIL!

TRY PULLING THIS OUT OF THE AIR--
--AFTER I'VE PULLED THE BOWSTRING BACK TO MEET YOUR SPINE!





ARRRG!



DID YOU--DID YOU EXPECT ME TO FADE AWAY--LIKE THE INHUMAN NINJA DRONES YOU'VE FACED BEFORE?!



WE ARE SNAKEROOT, DAREDEVIL, AND DEATH IS SOMETHING VERY DIFFERENT TO--

THWOK!



N-NO... NOT-- NOT YOU!



ENTEKI HAS GIVEN HIMSELF THAT WE MIGHT SEIZE OUR PRIZE!

REMEMBER HIM AS WE LEAVE THIS PLACE--QUICKLY, NOW! QUICKLY!



IT ONLY TAKES A SECOND TO DISENTANGLE FROM THE FALLEN BODY, BUT IN THAT BRIEF MOMENT, THE SHADOW WARRIORS VANISH--

--LEAVING BEHIND NO SCENT, NO SOUND NO TRACE FOR ENHANCED SENSES TO FOLLOW.

AND ALL THAT'S REFLECTED BACK IS THE WEAPON BURIED DEEP IN ENTEKI'S BACK.



A SAI?

ANOTHER REMINDER
OF THE WOMAN HE
LOVED AND FOUGHT.

TANGIBLE NOW, AND
NOT SO EASILY
DISMISSED... OR
UNDERSTOOD.

ELEKTRA?

STICK YOUR
HORNS IN MY
CAMPAIGN--GET
IN MY FACE--
SCREW WITH MY
STRATEGY--AND
THAT'S ALL YOU
GOT TO SAY?!

WHAT'S--HER--
NAME... KUNG FU
ASSASSIN OR
SOMETHIN', RIGHT?
I HEAR SHE'S
LONG DEAD!

MAYBE IT'S
TIME YOU
JOINED HER,
DAREDEVIL...

NEXT: VENOM--
"CONFLICT!"